THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1257.

Original Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. T. S. W.

"My heavy afflictions are summed in mourning."

Oh! sweep not dear mother, though mournful the tale,
That comes to thy heart on the last summer gale—
Enough for my sorrow, I know, I feel,
And the dark waves of trouble that over me roll!
Yet God cherished another, I now come to thee,
As when a my childhood I'd sob on thy knee,
And well thou my grief as a child only feels,
And then smoothest others by many kind words.

I come to thy bosom and rest my head there,
And feel thy heart throbbing my sorrow to share;
The hope I had wish'd to see bloom in my heart soon,
A babe for affection fostered the sweetest!

I come to thy bosom as when a child,
The hope I had wish'd to see bloom in my heart soon
And hangs on the willow that weeps o'er the mound,
And breathes of the sadness that only one's mother
A tie that dear removed, that mother my heart bleed.

I pain the last pageant move from the sad house,
Gave affection's last tribute to bathe in the tears
And the last remembered, the spoke not of sorrow,
But cheered me with hope, and with kindness soothed.

Original Novelette.

CAROLINE MORGAN.
A Tale of '79.
CONTINUED.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER V.

TAR AND FEATHERS.—SUPPER.—A PARTAN.

The watchful sentry aroused, his capture doubtless would have all afraid that he would by some means
[illegible] the British camp, and thus frustrate the
[illegible] of the expedition. The
[illegible] at the head of the column, and
[illegible] he would be
[illegible] with curious wonder at the overturned bucket and
[illegible] ground. No one was in hearing, but for
[illegible] of the sentry, and the hope that he could escape himself, he said, as he picked up the still uncaptured bag of desiderata.

"Now the deed was yet in the contingencies,
And fate had not yet revealed how it was to result,
Mrs. Grier's daughter begins says, 'I don't declare! Here another smell at gets here!'

CHAPTER VI.

EXPLANATIONS.—THE RIOT.

People who live in cities, and in these days of newspapers and bulletins, have little conception of the excitement and anxiety which were caused in the tall in the village of Marshfield Corner, years ago. The mere fact that any one young man was out of his usual nightly rounds, nobody knew where, would set all the gossips at work, to whom his name was known. But when there were twenty people missing, and all failing on the same day for twenty revolving circles of gossip and chat at length concentrated on one mighty maelstrom of news and talk which drowned every thing else.

When the overturned bucket of tar under the elm
[illegible] was found, that was another circumstance. And when the fact came out that this augment so shamefully wasted there, was stolen from a farmer, and that a considerable quantity had been passed to per ceive, and that the innocent animals might there fore, in default of this remedy be subject sneaked to the whole settlement was in a condition of vague and perplexing wonderment.

We will leave the villagers in their interesting quandary, while we go back a few hours to there Mrs. Grier's house, and the adventures of the young trooper. He has undoubtedly penetration enough to have discovered ere this, what Jacob wanted of his master's wig and hat, and the object him to elope. The supposition was that the old veteran would have retired before the Woodlanders arrived at his door; and that Jacob would then have had opportunity to possess himself of the article without any difficulty. Chance otherwise ordered it, as we have seen, and Jacob had met with difficulty altogether unanticipated. But by promptness equal to the occasion, and by much of the cure, Lee got both wig and coat, and wrote them where their owner would not so tamely have carried them. It was a neat trick and well executed.

Hardly had the party left the door, when the good woman's suit of Caroline caught the whole [illegible] Morgan that very night. He did not wish his own disaster to transpire among his tawny men, and he had the satisfaction of asserting at a retaliation.

When the captive was led from the house, not a single shout was heard. It was the intention of the lads to do the work quietly, as we have intimated, and leave the old Colonel insensed to the tree, in the hope that none would suspect. Appearances were ready, should he attempt to shout or call assistance, to put a pause to his outcry, and of this he was advised as he bade Lee "keep yer tongue within yer teeth, ye consumed old Tory," said one of the rearmost of his tormentors, "or we've got a pound of wood for you to ramm into it, and a bad flavor."

The Colonel made no answer but bowed his head down, and lagged in his walk, as if lame and weary.

"Get up!" resumed the man, "or we must good ye along a little" at the same time making demonstrations with a stick.

"Don't!" said Benton. "There is no need of one being hurt. Where's Harper Lee?"

A search among the party failed to discover him —and the same rough voice said again—"Oh, you might guess!" He'd probably taken up with this old Tory's niece, and I dare say he's with her now, while we're a doing his work for him. No luck to such, I say—the sneaksharts as we are!"

Benton answered. "If he is, it's natural. If I hadn't been for him, we shouldn't have this rock—we let him alone. He's done enough, and more than I would, too, let me tell you."

The prisoner drew himself more erect, and was spared with a violent fit of coughing—a very old suit very hacking cough.

"That's good for you, old Loyalty! You'd give us all fair warning enough and stand some evenin' if you could. Hope the night air won't dampen ball with you! If it does, the tar will keep the weather off!"

In this sort of agreeable conversation they dogged along toward the place selected, and the prisoner's silence only served to make him more so-lected by a little rough usage, if Benton had not delayed matters. For the old veteran the old man required, he should not be hurt—which being the sole condition on which Caroline's lover would become a party in the affair, obtained her guardian. The spot at length was reached.

The tar stood ready—and the knife was open to clip the forfeit. The rope was in hand to form the tackle, to the tree, and the word also, to prevent his activity. But his captive more had a little dancing crystal and dodged each sword. They rushed for his clothes, and curses from the choleric old man, to prevent their lot their work, and give the thing an interest. His pockets were searched, and from one the most scientific of thieves—and queer work that was—they found what he was in search of. Jacob's wig was drawn, they could perhaps the infinitely which the soldiers had yet upon their countrymen.

"Shall we cut it off, or slip it on the head, and tie it into him?" was some asked. Lest counsel apparently settled by the latter indignity, and Jacob was about to have his wig put upon him, when the doomed father of the group exclaimed:

"It shall have it on his naked carcass, my lads, and nothing to prevent his getting it off."

Suddenly he appeared to remember his self-command, and with many fresh curses he told him, and shaking threw the old wig upon the ground, and stamped upon it with all his might.

"Now, you old Tory, you've got your wig—and you'll get your coat, too, before you get away from here, I'll be bound!"

"Coat!" said Jacob, always good. "You must have a coat to cover your nakedness!"

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, starting back.

"Oh, good lack-ness, and no believing. It's so good, you're a-cold, and it's a-raining. The whole country is up in arms, and you'll get your death of cold, if you don't have a coat. Why, you'll be sick abed for a month, and you can't afford to be sick now, for you've got your property. Those accessories are dangerous."

"Oh, my dear sir, I entreated. It is not my fault, it is the commanded police. They will let us go."

"It is their duty to be concerned for your safety. Our police force is an exception to every other one that ever existed. Why, they're so careful of the safety of the people, that they're all of them [illegible] Jones, I will give you an hour to get away in

arrived at Cedar Landing, on the Bode, in one of the richest and loveliest counties of the State. I gave my horse to a servant, in a little inn, and went to dinner of bread and milk, and finding I was not so far from the Rootstraps as ever, and that the way was impassable to find them, I hired a man to guide me, and we went along over the mountains through a fine old forest for about two hours, when we came out on the brow of a hill on the east of the North with a beautiful view of the country below and around. Following a little the path led through a thick bushes along the summit, over a narrow ledge of rocks that seemed to stretch out into the air, for on either side the last of the precipice vanished in the depth below.

I arrived at last at the end and looked around me. What a spectacle! I was standing on the roof of a line of precipice which ran straight out from the mountain like a wall for several hundred feet, and left naked an amphitheatre several acres in size by perpendicularity from the gorge below: where the Bode, pressed into a narrow channel, foamed its way through. Sharp masses of gray rock rose up in many places from the main body like pillars, with trees clinging to the clefts, and although the sun was near noon, hundred feet deep, the summits of one plain looked quite near to one another. Near the gorge, on which I stood, which was formed by a rushing, was an impression in the rock like the bowl of a giant horse, from which the place takes its name. It is a very large one, perfect, but nearly two feet in length.

The legend, as related to me by the people of the Hutte, is as follows:—In the olden time, a giant used for his bowl of a certain convent. The, already beloved by a knight, named Ulric, who returned their affection, inspired by her passion. The baron that was concluded on, but during the ceremony following it, the giant, who had been watching for his prey, appeared above his servants, and raising his horse, bowl and all, in his hand, he strode off with the whole party to his castle, on the other side of the mountain.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE.

The knight left early and pursued the robber, and shortly discovered that the lady never so much as went out of their sight. The whole were here a body of footmen, some one, especially, of whom he had occasion to the lady, but assuming the way made a sudden turn, and he found himself in the midst of a thicket, where he was completely bewildered, and he found that the giant was gone. He then made his way to the castle, where he was received with the greatest joy by the lady, who had given him up for lost. The giant was never seen after, and the knight and lady lived happily together for many years.

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THE OLD WORLD.

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WILLIS'S LETTERS.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Night Scene—The Colosseum—Graphically Written Advertisements—A View from the Pincian Hill—Beautiful Moonlight Effects—Physicians of Ancient Rome—A Night on Guard in the Roman Campagna—Bust of Mrs. Norton, the Portuguese Literary Enthusiasm, and the Prompt Remedy.

ROME, November—Tired of visiting during one day, and endless new acquaintances, I determined yesterday, to economize, if possible; and no sooner said than done. Having a wonderful view of the Colosseum from my window, I resolved to spend the evening there, and accordingly, I left my lodgings about seven o'clock, and walked to the spot. The night was a lovely one. Many a moonlight walk have I had in the streets of Rome, but never one like this. The moon was near the meridian, and the whole of the vast building was bathed in a flood of light, which, while it revealed the beauties of the architecture, softened down the roughness of the ruins, and gave to the whole a character of grandeur and solemnity which I had never before witnessed. I began with what I presume is the most varied show in the world, the Colosseum as the Regent's Park. This is such an aggregation of nuisances that the latter must have very small compunction not to be sorry for every body who has not been there and very large confidence in the powers of description to undertake to describe it. How so small a fragment of so small a compass is so puzzling as the miseries of clairvoyance. If one were compelled, bodily, indeed for the minute to the room of Athens, the next five minutes left been going in a Moorish palace then dropped into bed, rained then held in an angel's lap high over London—winding up with a ridiculous of gathering statutes, conservatories, visitors and gentlemen—all would, probably, be not a bit more astonishing than a visit to the Colosseum, and of course, not one bit so agreeable. The guide-book, by the way, with drawings of every thing which one buys for a dollar at the door, is rather graphically written, and an extract from it may help me in conveying an idea of the place.

The concentrations are elaborately decorated in the Arabesque style. In the centre is the further court superbly filled up with gilt carved work and rolling-glass, such as Isabella of Castile might be supposed to have constructed under the eye of a Moorish palace, or Abu Abdallah, with true Arabian gallantry, to have conjured up for the solace of some fair Christian captive within the enchanted walls of his own Alhambra. But of the ingenious and fanciful combination of Moorish and Gothic architecture and decoration in this spot, amidst the murmur of sparkling fountains, the songs of gaily plumed birds, and the fragrance of orange trees and flowers, I have transcribed in the imagination to the eastern of the Cid and the heroines of the Xenil, to which I refer you again, the place where words are entirely prosternable; and in an instant, the still more picturesque and destructive sight of noble ruins, and eastern domes, springing up amongst the marble columns and mouldering fragments of ancient Greece and Rome, waits us at once to the banks of the Euphrates or the shores of Mediterranean. In these days of steam-navigation, and overland conveyance, when Parisian *Rentrée* are to be sent among the ruins of Carthage, and Broad street lounges in the great desert of Sahara, when, in turning a corner of the great pummel you may run against Cleopatra's friend in a Chesterfield wrapper, or, in ascending Mount Lebanon, recognize a recent partner of Almacks, or all the glory of her last new bonnet from Marshal's, the reality of the scene must be so somewhat impaired by the modern European contour of the visitors, and we may not sit down upon the stone seat, and look upon them as the latest arrivals by the Oriental, via Malta and Alexandria, from the Bay of Naples or from Venice to the Golden Horn. It is perhaps more that half an hour since we flew from the top of St Paul's to the north of Spain, to the shores of the Mediterranean, to the verge of Christendom. We must hurry home by the shortest cut—back to the watershed—but not without halting for one moment to gaze from the windows of an Alpine cottage upon the never-trodden snow, and the long glaciers of Mont Blanc. We enter then the chalet, or the cottage, guided by the roar of the mountain torrent, which, trapped over the nearest rocky cataract thundering down the precipices and after forming a resident in front of the cottage to run down northern its stony basin, and with a second fall, disappears in the gulf below.

Then flowery tanning over of the things one sees at the Colosseum is not, perhaps, the reality of the reality—the Swiss valley (which has a real water fall, forty feet high, and a real lake lying pictureally a complete illusion. And there is another illusion quite as complete which you would scarce think possible—view down upon London by night with all the streets lighted, and the steep windows glittering, the omnibus crowded, and the moon on long over all! I could not persuade myself that part of it, at least, was not a scene painted for the stage the view and I believed in the scene till I had seen it for half an hour—just such a one being placed before me. The gender bond says:—We confidently state that it is more remarkable that any person can lean over the balustrade for five or six minutes and muse on these clouds without being steadily affected by the sublime and solemn influence of the balustrade of those ruins, which has just emerged from the smoke of the good city, and then darting from sight, or occasionally obscuring the stars that twinkle here and there in the apparently illimitable space—we say if is next to impossible that they can, after such contemplation, reveal themselves on somebody to the conviction that the scene before them is but an illusion. Add to this the reflection of the innumerable lights upon the bridges in the front, and that of the moon, as the flow of the tide occasionally causes the ripples to move for a moment, again to be lost as speedily, the universal air of the rising luminary, the brilliancy of the shops in Cheapside, and of Ludgate Hill—the reverse lights of the channels in all directions—the flaring naked gas in the open stalls and market the calm, pale moonlight on the windows of Christ Church Hospital, and other high and isolated buildings and nothing short of reality can equal the amazing *eye and believe*."

I wanted some one to monosyllabize me here—for it is so hard to be astonished alone as it is to be unceasingly tired of people—but with this one lack, one morning and the evening—I returned as the very sights were plentiful as of occupation. I felt as fashionable tourists in a single room called a court after my standard of the "gentleman," so that no more lavish throwing away of money—obtained in the way of "gentlemen" will give a foreigner credit as a gentleman. The young should more especially be upon their guard, for gentlemanly manners, and not only a circular polite, but a certain ease, are among the most effective and useful parts of a gambler's stock in trade.

REMOVAL OF A PRESS.

Mr. Cannon Hill, Esq., has removed the press which has for some time published a paper in that city, advocating the abolition of slavery. Some citizens of Lexington met and addressed a letter to him, in which they urged the discontinuance of the Free American. Mr. Clay answered with a retired manner in terms of dignity and courtesy the correspondence to be published together with an "Appeal to Kentuckians." The citizens of Lexington, after reading the letter, held a public and crowded meeting for the 16th, of the citizens of Lexington and the neighboring counties, which was very fully attended. A report approving the course of Mr. Clay, and accompanied by the following resolutions was unanimously adopted:

1st. That no Abolition Paste ought to be tolerated in Kentucky, and come shall be in this city or this region.

2d. That if the office of the "Free American" be not removed from Lexington, it will be the duty of the building or other property. The person and property of the editor shall be considered as forfeited to the people of the county, subject then to Mr. C. M. Clay.

3d. That if resistance be offered, we will forcibly take the office at all hazards, and destroy the nuisance.

4th. That a committee of vigilance, consisting of ten persons, be appointed to report to the office of the Free American, and that the editor be advised to stop publishing a paper in this city, and printing apparatus, pack up, the same and remove from Lexington, and that the committee of vigilance, and report forthwith to this body.

The meeting then adjourned until two o'clock, when the committee of vigilance reported that the editor of the Free American had removed the office of the publication, superseded to the work which the meeting had assigned them.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1834.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There is no general topic of fashion current this week. The Queen of Holland, Prince Paul, and the members have, it seems, declined to get up a ball in their honor. It extraordinary that our republican citizens should be so much behind the age in this respect. Balls are the order of the day in every city of Europe at the most serious. They never think of a ball without the presence of the ladies invited by the gentlemen, and the ladies invited by the gentlemen. Here, on the contrary, the gentlemen invite the ladies, and the ladies invite the gentlemen, and the consequence is that the gentlemen do not invite the ladies, and the ladies do not invite the gentlemen, and there is no ball. Manners are changed, and the last new fashion would have been to invite the ladies to a ball, and then the gentlemen would be invited. But this is not the fashion, and there was nobody to invite, so there was no ball. Such is the force of custom, that we have submitted to it, and we do not think that we can get up a ball in honor of the Queen of Holland, Prince Paul, or any other distinguished personage who may visit us, unless we are invited to do so by the ladies. Such is the force of custom, that we have submitted to it, and we do not think that we can get up a ball in honor of the Queen of Holland, Prince Paul, or any other distinguished personage who may visit us, unless we are invited to do so by the ladies. Such is the force of custom, that we have submitted to it, and we do not think that we can get up a ball in honor of the Queen of Holland, Prince Paul, or any other distinguished personage who may visit us, unless we are invited to do so by the ladies.

BEARS.

Generally, in our public conveyances, the passengers show a spirit of accommodation and courtesy to each other which adds all the more to a crowded vehicle at ease; but there are, occasionally, exceptions to the rule, and these are always the source of trouble. who are enough to make one forswear omnibuses, and every thing of that nature forever. We have had occasion to speak of the bearishness of others, and intently unable to do anything themselves, which serves of respect to the feelings and regard to the comforts of those about them.

There is no more sure test of a person's breeding than his manners in public, where circumstances are not to be studied yield a guide to his character. This should be a lesson to certain persons who take bull-dozers or whole men to masquerade in as gentlemen and ladies. Unless they can conceal their innate and abominable boorishness, all the paint in the world will not make them pass for what they are. If they do not conceal it, they will be sure to be found out, and the sooner the better.

The Committee concerning severally to their duties, and the Committee of Vigilance, after hearing the members comparable for any thing but an Emperor. Mr. Clay's dead continuing in general approbation of the course of the meeting, the property packed up according to the resolution. On the 19th the following notice was sent to Mr. Clay, who the meeting of the committee:

C. M. CLAY, Esq.

SIR—We have been directed by the Committee of a meeting held on yesterday, at the Court House, on the 16th inst. to inform you that the office of the Free American, with the press, paper, have been safely put up, and shipped by railroad to Cincinnati, to the care of Messrs. Jacques & Co. to which the committee, and that the charges and expenses up to this time are paid.

With proper respect, we have the honor to be &c.

THOS. M. DARWIN, Chm.

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THE EXECUTION.

On Friday week, at Salvadon, N. J., the extreme sentence of the law was carried into effect upon Joseph Carter, Jr., and Peter W. Parke. The execution took place at 12 o'clock, and long before that hour, the village was crowded with people, and among them many women with their children were present. Carter, Parke, together, to witness the execution. The law requires that executions shall take place in the county jail by night of a certain number of official and other witnesses. The jail, having an room large enough for an execution, a temporary scaffold was put up around the gallows, about eleven feet high, and the top of the gallows, for about ten feet, could readily be seen by those standing outside. The platform of these scaffolds was elevated, for that of the same height with the fence, so that the full length of those standing upon it could be seen by those standing outside. The person under the instrument of death was so arranged that the prisoners, who could be seen outside during the preliminary arrangements, would of course be cut from the sight of all except persons within the enclosure.

Both prisoners protested their innocence to the last each swearing that he knew nothing about the murder whatever. But in one of the conversations with his clergyman, Mr. Custner, of Mansfield, Parke asked him in course of conversation, "Can I be cut, and the Lord's prayer be said over me, *and God no part in the murder without a confession?*" with a number of other questions of a similar nature. The inference from this question is that Parke was hardly be in favor of the deceased. A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser gives the following account of the execution:

At 12 o'clock precisely the prisoners came from their cells, in the habiliments of their coffins, and were walked aloud with a person on each side, and Parker followed by Carter. Both of them had their hands deeply affected, and when upon the stage wept. Rev. Mr. Clark invoked the Divine blessing upon them, and upon the solemn scene. In the most appropriate prayer; when they took leave of the person in the platform, and were pinioned in the face, as solemnly executed.

Carter, in addressing the people in the last time and while upon the scaffold Carter being asked by the Sheriff if he had any thing to say, replied, that what he had to say now that he was going to meet his Maker, he had told to the Lord, and that the most emphatic manner asking, I know no other than that he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer the penalties. To a question put to him by the Sheriff, whether he had any thing further to say, he replied, that he had nothing to say, and that he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer the penalties. To a question put to him by the Sheriff, whether he had any thing further to say, he replied, that he had nothing to say, and that he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer the penalties.

The murder for which these two unfortunate men have met their punishment on the night of the 1st of May—the murder of Mr. Jacob Vanderveer, of Mansfield, in this county, and Mr. John R. Parke, his uncle, New Carter was 21 years old, and Parke 19. Both of them were young men, and were hanged side by side. The murder was committed on the night of the 1st of May, and the trial took place in the month of June. The murder was committed on the night of the 1st of May, and the trial took place in the month of June.

The execution of the sentence of the law upon the two young men was carried out in the most solemn manner. The execution of the sentence of the law upon the two young men was carried out in the most solemn manner. The execution of the sentence of the law upon the two young men was carried out in the most solemn manner.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier says that a most affecting scene occurred on the arrival of the steamboat Lexington at Providence on Saturday morning. A woman, who had been informed that her son was on board, was waiting on the wharf for the arrival of the boat. As soon as the boat came in sight, she recognized her son, and ran to meet him. She was so overcome with joy that she fainted away, and was carried to a house near by, where she was restored to consciousness. She then went to the boat, and found her son sitting on the deck, with his head resting on his hands. She approached him, and he looked up, and recognized her. He then arose, and they embraced each other with the greatest affection. They then went to the house where she had been carried, and remained there for some time. They then went to the boat, and found their

United States SATURDAY POST.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER, contains three engravings—"The Mountain Flower," "The State Barge," and "Fall Fashions in Advance." Two of them are really superb affairs. The face of the Bernese maid is very sweet, quite a favorite indeed with us; such a gem of a picture is rarely met with now-a-days. The literary contents are even better than usual. "Isabel Raby," by the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," is the best of the many good stories in the number: no one who has read this thrilling tale will speedily forget it. We are glad to see such writers as the author of "Conquest and Self-Conquest," who have hitherto employed their talents only in the productions of bound volumes, enlisted in our Magazine literature; for their superior abilities and strong moral tone, will both chain and instruct the readers. We have long noticed that this Magazine, in particular, seems to have an aim; for under the guise of agreeable stories some moral truth is always inculcated. It is just the work, therefore, for parents to place in the hands of their daughters. To take a Magazine, has become so much a matter of course, where young ladies are growing up in a family, that we feel a pleasure in recommending one, like this, which combines beauty, interest and usefulness. We are glad to hear that the prosperity of the "Ladies' National" is becoming unprecedented; for it certainly has for editoress the female of the greatest tact and highest abilities the country affords, to say nothing of the enterprising and munificent publisher.

THE MISSION; *or Scenes in Africa. By Captain Marryat. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is the third attempt, and the third successful one by Capt. M. to write stories for the young folks. The two previous tales—Masterman Ready, and The Settlers in Canada, are excellent, and The Mission is like the others. The author captivates children as he had before done their parents by his powers of description, aided by long observation, in a great variety of scenes, and in nearly all countries. He has travelled and seen to good purpose. He appears to decidedly better advantage in this youthful juvenile series than in his later novels, is quite as interesting, without the drawback of grossness, and relieves instruction with flashes of fun and scenes of natural and irresistible humor. All the children should read The Mission; and so will the parents if they commence it.

MODERN COOKERY.—*By Eliza Acton.—The whole revised and prepared for American Housekeepers. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This work is immensely popular in England—and will be here. In the first place there is so much of it that the busiest housekeeper could not cook through in a lifetime. In the next, and this is a most excellent characteristic, it is adapted for small families, as well as large; and all styles and descriptions of culinary art get their share. It is a true eclectic in cookery. What delicacies the unhappy English do not get—Indian Corn, Buckwheat, Terrapins, canvass backs, &c. &c., have been supplied by the American editor. The book may be had of *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *September.* The embellishments in the present number are—"The Western Cap[illegible]

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

NEW VOLUME, NEW TYPE, OLD FRIENDSHIPS, AND NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST feel constrained to make again their acknowledgments to the reading public for the liberal support which their paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the return which such patronage requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—

which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper, dependent upon public patronage, "grows by what it feeds on," the publishers flatter themselves that THE POST has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, THE POST has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

NEWS DEPARTMENT

to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

In political intelligence we recognise only one party—and that is

OUR COUNTRY—OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for

"*The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number.*"

To give the SATURDAY POST an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the

FAMILY CIRCLE,

We give to its columns the character of a

WEEKLY MAGAZINE, embracing,
ORIGINAL TALES AND SKETCHES;
ORIGINAL VERSE AND ESSAYS;
HISTORY AND HISTORIETTES;
BIOGRAPHY AND LEGENDS;
SCIENCE AND STATISTICS;
REVOLUTIONARY ANNALS;
MORAL TALES AND TRAITS OF LIFE;
ORIGINAL COMMENTS, on NOTABLES;
WIT AND HUMOR;

In a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the

WHOLE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD

may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

SPARED NO PAINS

To make the Post truly Cosmopolitan in the

GREAT REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus, our motto is still EXCELSIOR. Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessed of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (not to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

In addition to the letters of our much admired contributor, JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR, and the agreeable gossip of our BRISTOL CORRESPONDENT, the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post, purchase of the New York Mirror the right to transfer to their columns the letters of N. P. WILLIS. In this department, therefore, the POST cannot be excelled.

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The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

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Selected Poetry.

LINES WRITTEN BY A CONVICT IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

Oft have I paced this lonely cell,
With care-worn brow and heaving breast,
And vainly seeking for some spell
To lull this troubled heart to rest;
I've search'd each nook in mem'ry's store,—
Have trac'd my course from infancy,—
And call'd up friends who are no more,
Who lov'd me well, when I was free.

I've thought to shun that chilling blast,
That swept my early hopes away,
And from the shadow of the Past,
Have tried to glean a cheering ray;
I've loitered long on childhood's years,
When kindly friends encircled me,
Supplied my wants, dried up my tears,—
Then I was happy,—I was free.

But weary thought returns again,
And then reality appears;
It only adds to error's chain,
Those links that have been hid for years.
I cannot hide those guilty stains,
I cannot shun my misery;
Of all my friends not one remains—
'Tis vain to think I e'er was free.

My wife, my partner of the past,
Who vowed before the holy shrine,
As long as life's brief course should last,
To link her earthly lot with mine—
They say she has annulled that vow,
And ta'en my babes away from me;
And even she forgets me now,
Who loved so well, when I was free.

My friends they left me one by one,
Like ruthless leaves when summer's past,
That leave the stem they rested on
Alone, to bear the winter's blast;
And I alone my grief endure
E'en pity has no tear for me;
And, if she had, 'twould not restore
Departed days, when I was free.

Yet Hope! still faithful to the last,
(*The pris'ner sees her glitt'ring rays*
Like gems into his dungeon cast.)
She bids me look for better days.
And then experience points a course
And from temptation bids me flee,
And bids me join this Temperance force,
The TEMP'RANCE PLEDGE will keep me free.

'Twas Alcohol, deceitful fiend!
That lured me with his essence sweet
I only knew him as a friend,
I had not seen his cloven feet.
But now, the scales are from my eyes,
His hideous form too plain I see.
To trust again whate'er his guise;
I'll spurn his path when I am free.

Some are there who may think me gay,
And deem I need not pity's tear,—
'Tis only feigned to hide away
The sorrow that is lurking here.
And oh! they know not with what power
The pris'ner feels adversity,
When at lone midnight's sleepless hour,
He thinks on days when he was free.

Oh! Reader may you never feel
Those pangs that sting a guilty breast,
The throbbing wound that cannot heal,
The troubled mind that cannot rest.
Such sorrows that no tongue can tell,
Of want, and woe, and misery,
The pris'ner feels in his lone cell,
With heart that's panting to be free.

He knows there is another cell,
Where Hope no more can shed her rays,
Where sinners must with demons dwell,
Where dark despair her sceptre sways.
'Tis there repentance is too late,
He's doomed to all eternity,
He feels the justice of his fate,
He knows he never can be free.

But god, benevolent, can save
The sinner from so dark a doom,
There is a power, that robs the grave,
And saves the victim from its gloom
There is a Lamb for sinners slain;
Behold the Saviour's on a tree!
His blood can cleanse the guiltiest stain,
And set the weary captive free.

These fettered limbs had parent's care,
Who showed the path of rectitude,
And taught these lips to lisp a prayer,
To Father for my daily food;
Now to that Father I will go,
And daily bow the humble knee;
And seek his aid to heal my woe,
To keep me now, and when I'm free.

And if these erring feet should tread,
Once more upon this world's broad stage,
I'll strive to earn my daily bread,
From precepts in the sacred page;
I'll strive to do by other men
As I would they should do by me;
And God will make me happy then,
And from a prison keep me free.

The Old World.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

WILLIS'S LETTERS.

[The following letters, crowded out of last week's paper, we publish to-day, to make the series complete.

NUMBER NINE.

The four goddesses of the dance.

MY DEAR MORRIS:—It was the benefit of Carlotti Grisi, (to continue the description commenced in my last letter,) and it needed two, at least, of the three wonders of the Dance who appeared with her to show her peculiarities in adequate contrast. Very little distinction is commonly made, in criticism, as to the styles of dancing on the stage—the *degree* of excellence only being dwelt upon. Yet the four dancers in this "*pas de quatre*" have each a "public" of admirers who prefer her style to that of the others, though Lucile Grahn seems to me only a more violent copy of Cerito. I had never seen this last named prodigy till my present visit to England, and I must say that as a mere dancer I think her the finest in the world. She is, in the first place, a faultless masterpiece of nature, with a bust like a sculptor's model, limbs gracefully full and taper, most symmetrical proportion throughout, and a face of [illegible] sixteen. Her eyes are full of timid modesty when she curtsies to the applause of her audience, and, after the most powerful efforts, she breathes as calmly and quietly as if she had but walked across the stage to be applauded. Her little, short, regular teeth, full lips, and compact forehead, express the vigor which characterizes her style, and that style is the *perfection of a beautiful peasant girl*, simple as a new blown butter-cup. (She is an exemplary wife, by the way, though she retains her maiden name of Cerito—living a quiet life off the stage as Madame St. Leon.)

Taglioni's style, on the contrary, is well known to be singularly patrician and lady-like. There is dignity in her grace, dignity in her most energetic boundings across the stage. The impression she makes is a modest one—the professional language of her petticoats being entirely over-awed and silenced by the unconsciousness and self-respect of her countenance. *Grace* is the leading aim of Taglioni and in this quality of the dance she has never been equalled. But I have described her to you very fully in other letters.

Carlotta Grisi differs from Taglioni and Cerito as champagne differs from still wines. She *dances with a sparkle*. What Jules Janin is among French writers, and Tom Moore among English poets—what heat lightning is (probably) among thunder's more sober sisters, and what, in our paper-of-pins country nobody ventures to be, in anything—that is Carlotta Grisi among dancers. *Besides* being admirable, she is wholly peculiar. There is meaning and *espieglerie* in her movement *besides* power and grace. The points of her toes fling off a vibration whenever they are thrown out which affects one like wit. She seems to be graceful and agile to please *you*, but with a superfluity of fun and frolic which she gives vent to, to please herself when the grace is completed. Though she is quite as much applauded as the others, while dancing, there is an undertone of laughter audible throughout the house and I think, on the whole, she gives more pleasure [illegible]

[illegible]

I wasted a little sympathy on this subject last evening—for, most likely, the persons we are sorry for, would scarce "swap even" with a republican in their particular line. I was at a small party that was meant apparently to be a large one—probably thinned partly, by the breaking up of "the season," partly by the unusual attraction of the opera; or, possibly, more company came later, as I left "early"—at twelve. A suite of magnificent rooms, occupying a whole floor of one of the most superb houses in London, was dazzlingly lit for company, but only one room was filled—some forty persons sitting about upon the ottomans and *fauteuils*, and alternately conversing and listening to the music. But *the musician* was the object of interest, to me. (I cannot name him, with these remarks, and what I say, must of course apply to the class of which he is one.) He was a celebrated man—celebrated as a composer, and a performer, and unquestionably a man of genius. I looked at him, when the lady by whom I was sitting, mentioned his name, with the admiring curiosity which is the first tribute we pay to worthy celebrity. He was gentlemanly looking, and an Englishman—for somehow we do not feel the same wonder in the subserviency of "foreigners." Well—at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes this gifted musician sat down to the piano and sang songs or played, and thinking I should like to exchange a word with one of whom I had heard so much, I kept an eye on him, in these intervals, to see if he spoke to any one whom I knew, that I might join in the conversation without a formal introduction. But I soon discovered that with all his genius and celebrity, he was not "one of the company." He kept his place behind the piano, when not employed, and was spoken to by no one except the noble mistress of the house, who called upon him for his music. There chanced to be but few gentlemen present, and most of the ladies were only occupied by those of their own sex—(unoccupied, that is to say)—but though within easy reach of him, and he a man whose conversation must be agreeable, it was evidently not looked upon as a possibility by the ladies at that end of the room, that he could do better than read his music or gaze at the silent keys of the piano! It is true there was scarce a person present who was not titled or of noble family, but there was no one present, whom, by nature and accomplishment, he was not well suited to address as an equal. He was *paid* for coming there, of course—but to come so *very near* to unnatural humiliation for the price that he received, (five guineas at the most) is cheap work for genius!

I had a very charming literary neighborhood at a dinner-party lately—Miss JANE PORTER, on one side of me, and, on the other, Miss CAROLINE HALSTED, the authoress of "The Obligations of Literature to the mothers of England." Miss Halsted, (whom you know also by several biographical works of great merit,) is a fine looking woman of the joyous make and manners which God set apart for the type of English females, and why her "*single blessedness*" (and blessedness it seems to be,) has not been *doubled*, looks palpably a matter of her own choosing. She would have been the model of such mothers as she glorifies in her book. Her conversation is gay, good-humored, and vigorous, and she is very highly estimated by the circle in which I met her—a circle whose admiration is of no light value.

Of Miss Porter, I wish to write at more leisure, and with more care and reverence than is possible in these hasty letters. I shall find a time to record much respecting her, that will interest the world that reveres her—a world of which, she has now calmly taken leave, feeling, since the late sudden death of her brother, (Sir Robert Ker Porter) that her own parting hour is near. Never, perhaps, lived a woman more beloved, admired, and cherished than the gifted authoress of the "Pastor's Fireside," and "Scottish chiefs," and, indeed, for the last few years, she has been more like a sainted pilgrim than a common visitor to her friends—going from house to house in the elevated sphere in which she has always moved, and looked for, cared for, and ministered, with love, approaching to homage. Her noble beauty of person, which seems like an undeniable patent of nobility, to have selected her friends for her among the great and powerful, is graced by a playful simplicity of manners that is quite as loveable, by the humble as by the great. She is, up to the present time, most winning in her address and conversation. No one at the table I have just mentioned, was more prompt in graceful reply, more open to suggestive remark, more profuse of information of the topics discussed. She has reason to believe that her death will be sudden, and that it may come, now, at any moment—but her readiness is within; and though, in a private interview, she talks like one whose face is turned from the world toward the grave, her mind resumes its habit when her friends are conversing around her, and burns as clearly and apparently as pleasurably to herself, as in her youth. The death of Sir Robert was the sending her heart before her to another world. The most beautiful, most tender attachment existed between this gifted brother and sister. He had been for many years separated from her, acting as the English Minister in Venezuela but her thoughts were always with him. Six years ago, when I was last in England, I called to Brighton to see Miss Porter, who had been taken suddenly ill under the roof of her friend Lady M——, and was supposed to be on her death-bed. She had talked much to me of her brother, when we had met under the different roofs whose hospitality we had shared together, and a correspondence between myself and [illegible]

[illegible]

From the Magazines.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR SEPT.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

[illegible]

Our Scrap Book.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

It seems to me but scarce an hour
Since, full of life and glee,
I kissed thy pouting, rosy lips
Upon the mother's knee;
Since first I heard thy sweet attempt
To lisp that sacred name
We learn the first, but which maintains
Till death the holiest claim.

Thou wast a sweet and winning child,
And twined around the heart,
As tendrils twine around the tree,
And make of it a part.
A gentle, patient, loving thing,
With dark and flowing hair;
An early rosebud on thy cheek,
That else was very fair.

With dove-like eyes, which even then
To earnest thought seemed given;
As if thy thoughts beheld afar
And sought its home in heaven.
Oh, it was fearful to behold,
With what intense delight,
Thy gentle mother watched the dawn
Of reason's genial light.

To see her gaze into thine eyes,
As if she would impart
Through them the depth of her vast love,
And grave it on thy heart.
How she would soothe thee with a kiss,
Or lull thee with a song—
Why hast thou turned so cold to that
Which nourished thee so long?

A light is quenched that was too fair;
A flower has gone from earth,
To blossom in a brighter sphere,
Midst flowers of heavenly birth.
Then, lovely mourner, dry thy tears,
Yield not to grief's excess,
She has but left her earthly home
For one of happiness.

I will not say, mourn not thy loss,
Or think of it no more;
For like the joys we garner up
In Memory's treasure store,
She will become a hallowed thought
Of fondest memory,
The better, dearer, more beloved,
That she is lost to thee.

☞ Did you ever lend a pencil that was returned to you with the lead in it? Did you ever lend an umbrella that came back as good as you loaned it? Did you ever lend a book with the expectation of seeing it again? Sir Walter Scott once said, "There are a great many book-*keepers*, but very few good accountants."

☞ The editor of the Pittsburg American says he knew a young lady, "beautiful as an houri," when he was in love with her thirty years ago, and who could drink nothing but weak tea, who is now as ugly "as an old mud fence," and drinks whiskey. "The brute! how can he talk so?"

☞ "Ichabod" "got the mitten" one day last week. He must have felt *werry* bad. Hear him:

Farewell! dear girl, farewell! farewell!
I ne'er shall love another;
In peace and comfort may you dwell,
And I'll go home to mother.

☞ Santa Ana's wife is just seventeen, very fair and charming. What is exile to him?—*Worcester Transcript.*

What is exile to him? *Transport*, to be sure.—*Times.*

☞ A widow of the name of Rugg having taken a Mr. Price for her second husband, and being asked by a friend how she liked the change, replied, "Oh, I have sold my old Rugg for a good Price."

☞ "Mr. C. if you'll get my pants done by Saturday night, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game they will not be done, sure," said the tailor.

"SHE wore a wreath of roses,"
That night when first we met;
But her noble brow was freckled,
And she had a beard of jet.
I only looked a moment,
So *mann ish* was her lip,
And I wished she'd used the razor,
Those ugly hairs to clip.

FALSEHOOD. Dr. Johnson thought, arises more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

☞ Why is a woman after she is married like fifty dollars given away by John Jacob Astor? Ans. She is not *missed*.

Choice Selections.

KICKING A YANKEE.

A very handsome friend of ours, who, a few weeks ago, was poked out of a comfortable office up the river has betaken himself to Bangor, for a time, to recover from the wound inflicted upon his feelings by our "unprincipled and immolating administration."

Change of air must have had an instant effect upon his spirits, for from Galena he writes us an amusing letter, which, among other things, tells of a desperate quarrel that took place on board of the boat, between a real live dandy tourist, and a real live Yankee settler. The latter trod on the toes of the former, whereupon the former threatened to "kick out of the cabin" the latter.

"You'll kick me out of this cabing?"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick you out of this cabin."

"You'll kick me, Mr. Hitchcock, out of this cabing?"

"Yes, sir, I'll kick you, Mr. Hitchcock, out of this cabin."

[illegible]

TAKING THE CENSUS.

[illegible]

The Olio.

A TRUSTY JUROR.

[illegible]

A CHURCH.

[illegible]

KINDNESS IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.

[illegible]

TO MY WIFE,

[illegible]

A SCOLD—PARODY

[illegible]

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM,

[illegible]

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

[illegible]

STAMMERING CURED.

[illegible]